

thoroughly steeped with the dressing. (This

may be repeated twice or thrice with an interval of three days, and in a week after the last application the sheep may be washed, and any open sores that remain may be dusted with equal parts of dry oxide of zinc and sulphur.

"Complete isolation, thorough disinfection, and absolute destruction of disease-spreading agents, must be observed in all outbreaks of scab. Loss of condition by a liberal allowance of good food and careful management. Small doses of sulphate of iron are advantageous."

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**Flock Notes.**

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SAN ANGELO, Texas, has shipped 90,000 head of sheep and 2,000,000 pounds of wool already this year.

It is said over 500,000 head of sheep were fattened in Nebraska last winter, and shipped to eastern markets.

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ADRIAN wool buyers purchased 196,000 lbs. of the staple this season. The *Times* says the fleeces were a little higher in quality but fleeces averaged lighter.

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*New Mexico Stock Grower:* Careful estimates place the number of sheep which

Then brought an average of \$2 each

was an imported cow, and purchased by Mr. Walker at the Detroit Exposition last year.

**THE TEXAS STOCKMAN AND FARMER** says that "Captain James H. David has gone to Michigan and Wisconsin after bucks and some good driving horses. He will return early in August with a fine lot of both!" He can get both in Michigan.

**BARON VON HOMBERG**, of Germany, has presented to Thos. W. Wyckoff, of Davisburg, Secretary of the Rambouillet Sheep Breeders' Association, a ram and ewe of the French Merino, or Rambouillet breed. The ram weighs 280 lbs., and the ewe 170 lbs. Both are recorded.

**SAYS THE INGHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT:** "Israel Aseltine, of Alaleton township, reports 249½ lbs. of washed wool from 25 sheep. An average of nearly 10 lbs. to the fleece. He sold it for 26½ cents per lb. straight?" That is an average of \$2.60 per head for the 25 fleeces, or a total of \$65.00—a good record indeed.

**A SAN FRANCISCO PAPER** says: Well informed wholesale dealers and slaughterers tell us that there is every probability that good mutton sheep will touch nine cents before Christmas. The reason is the great decrease in sheep available for butchers' uses in every part of the coast owing to the severity of the winter and the heavy sales both in North and South to Eastern buyers. Every sheep man who has any good wethers or barren ewes to sell has no difficulty in finding a buyer at almost his own figures. Of the two-year-old, hardy wethers there is hardly a decent flock in the hands of the breeders.

**MR. WM. ALGORE**, of Ottonville, Genesee Co., sends us the following: The undersigned took a fleece of wool to the Flint woolen mills to have it cleaned. When taken to the mill it weighed 39½ lbs., when cleaned it weighed 10½ lbs. When sheared off the sheep it weighed 40 lbs. 14 oz. There was over a pound sampled out. The wool was sheared from one of James Arnold's bucks, of the farm of one of the townships of

At the same rate a full year would give

cleansed wool in the State. If not so, please correct us. This is the heaviest cleansed fleece we have heard of except one from the ram Rowe, by M. S. Sheldon (48), owned at the time by C. M. Thornton, Northville. We think his fleece cleansed  $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs., but as we did not have time to verify this we ask Mr. Thornton to put us right if we are in error.

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THE return of the annual shearing time in Kansas, the state where the wool growing has had more ups and downs than perhaps anywhere else, brings again into notice the cause of the sheep. It was so short a time ago that thousands of farmers of the State were basting their salvation upon the animal that a brief review of the present situation is a most instructive one. It was in 1883-4 that Kansas was in its sheep glory, having 1,300,000 head scattered over her prairies. When those who had gone into the business as a speculation had found out, as most of them did, that they were bound to be losers because they were not giving their flocks the requisite care or shelter, and were not

been anticipated, when they found out

that had been bought for \$3 and \$4 dropped to \$3 and \$2, and even \$1, so anxious were the owners to dispose of them. And now the number of sheep in the State is about 490,000, valued at \$3 each. The number is about the same as it was ten years ago, and is slightly on the increase.



# Horticulture

the habits of this insect, there is but one sure way to them—and that is to poison them—and that is to poison them—  
plan has been carried into effect.  
As the army of gypsy-moths advance into the cities



Horticultural.

A NEW INSECT PEST.

The Gypsy Moth—its Ravages in Massachusetts—its Rapid Spread whence once introduced.

Last summer, says the Philadelphia Record, a dangerous insect made its appearance in Medford, Mass., and committed terrible ravages upon the shade and fruit trees, despoiling them extensively of their leaves and completely ruining the fruit crop. This insect is now known to be the gypsy moth, a native of all parts of Europe and of Northern and Western Asia, and sometimes found as far south as Japan.

It was introduced into this country about twenty years ago by Mr. L. Trouvelot, then living in Medford, but now a resident of Paris. He wished to experiment in raising silk from our native silk worms, and European moths were imported to aid in the carrying out of the project. Success did not attend his venture, and either through carelessness or as the result of an accident the experimental moths escaped.

As they became acclimated they multiplied to an alarming extent, and now have spread from Medford through Malden, Arlington, Somerville, Everett, Chelsea, Winchester, and Stoneham. The section invaded by them covers an area of fifty square miles.

Immediately after the female moths are hatched they grow very sluggish, and in this state can be easily caught and killed. At the end of each feast upon the fresh green leaves the caterpillars are in the habit of congregating in masses upon the branches and trunks of trees. At such a time, and after they have changed into the chrysalis form, they can readily be brushed off and destroyed.

Prof. Fernald gives the following description of the gypsy moth:

The males are of a yellowish brown color, with two dark brown lines crossing the forewings—one at the basal third, the other on the outer third, somewhat curved—and with both pointing outward on the veins. The outer end of all the wings is dark brown. A curved dark brown spot (reniform) rests a little above the middle of the wing, and a small round spot of the same color (obscure) is situated between this and the base of the wing, just outside of the inner cross-line. A smaller spot rests near the middle of the wing. The fringes on the forewings are dull yellowish, and broken by eight brown spots. The antennae are strongly apiculated, or feather-like. The forewings expand about an inch and a half.

The females are pale yellowish white, with dark brown cross lines and spots similar to those of the males. The cross-lines in both sexes are much darker and more prominent on the forward edge of the wings (costal line) elsewhere. In some specimens there is a faint stripe of brown across the middle of the wing (median line), and a toothed line across the wing near the outer edge (subterminal line). The fringes of the forewings are eight dark spots between the ends of the wings, as in the males, and similar but larger spots often occur in the fringes of the hind wings. The body is much stouter than in the males, and the antennae are not so feebly feathered. The expanse of wings from tip to tip is 2 1/2 inches.

The full-grown caterpillar is about an inch and three-fourths in length, very dark brown or black, finely reticulated with pale yellow. There is a pale yellow line along the middle of the back and a similar one along each side. On the first six segments following the head there is a bluish tubercle armed with several black spines on each side of the dorsal line, and on the remaining segments these tubercles are dark crimson red. On the middle of the tenth and eleventh segments there is a smaller red tubercle, notched at the top. The whole surface of the body is somewhat hairy, but along each side the hairs are long, and form quite dense clusters.

The pupa is from three-fourths of an inch to an inch in length, and varies in color from chocolate to reddish brown. On each side, at the base of the wing-covers, is a dark, reddish brown, oval, velvety spot. The wing-covers are quite broad and reach to the posterior third of the fifth segments. The antennae are strongly curved and are quite wide in the middle. There are a few yellowish brown hairs on the face and head, broken on the first five segments, arranged in broken circles or clusters, which are in longitudinal and transverse rows. The line at the posterior end is flattened, rounded at the outer end, grooved longitudinally, and has twelve or more minute hooks at the end.

Early in February petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature by the people of Medford asking that some stringent measures be adopted to prevent the spreading of the gypsy-moth and to bring about its extermination. Certain members of the Committee on Agriculture, to whom the petition was referred, visited Medford the 10th of February. They were surprised at the sight of millions and millions of eggs clustered not only upon the branches of the shade trees in private grounds and on the streets, but also in apple orchards and upon stone walls.

The result of this examination was a bill which passed both Houses. The Governor, with and by the consent of the Council, was authorized to appoint a commission, consisting of three gentlemen, who should be empowered to plan and carry out such measures as were requisite to cause the extermination of the insect pest.

Recognizing in the gypsy-moth an enemy to be greatly feared, and realizing that prompt and effective work should be done, an appropriation of \$25,000 was made. Some weeks ago this sum was increased to \$50,000.

In the crevices of stone walls, on the eaves, under the shingles and eaves of houses, in unoccupied buildings, and even under ground about the roots of trees from which the earth has loosened, her eggs will be found.

Medford, the work of destroying them assumed such proportions that it soon became evident that more help was needed, and the working force was therefore increased to 120 men. Nineteen teams are constantly employed in carrying from one point to another quantities of the poisonous powder and the apparatus for applying it. Each team is provided with 150 feet of hose, a hoghead for water, and a long ladder so constructed that when opened in the middle of the street it is possible from its top to shower the trees on opposite sides at one time. Already three tons of Paris green have been used.

When Prof. Fernald was abroad he was told by prominent entomologists that if the gypsy-moth once got a hold in this country it would be more of a pest than the Colorado beetle, because it is more prolific and feeds upon so many different plants, while the potato beetle attacks but a few. A bitter experience has proved this statement to be true.

The moths were reported "as feeding upon the leaves of apple, cherry, quince, elm, linseed, maple, balm of Gilead, beech, oak, willow; wisteria, Norway pine, spruce, and corn." I think the spruce has been spared and vegetable gardens have not yet been molested.

While in foreign countries several species of huge and insects are known to be hostile to the moths, feeding upon the eggs and young caterpillar, there are none in this country that care to destroy them.

The caterpillars move with amazing rapidity, one being seen to travel over nine feet of board in the space of one minute seven seconds, and even when they have been shut up in a box without food for many days and are brought into the air they quickly revive and will elude one who is not very watchful of their movements.

GRAPE NOTES.

From the Testing Station for Middlesex County, Connecticut.

Grapes had a peculiarly unfavorable year in 1889, mildew and rot making unusual ravages in our vineyards. During no year in the last decade has the season been so unpropitious.

Among the most successful of our varieties in 1889 were the Concord, Worden and Ives, notably the latter. This withstood all the untoward influences best of all, the vine is strong and healthy, the clusters nearly perfect, and when fully ripe it is fairly good, though inferior to the Concord and much inferior to the Worden as a table grape.

The Concord is still to be regarded as the standard vineyard grape on account of its good cluster, its good shipping qualities, and its demand in market; but for home use or a near market the Worden is the better.

The Cambridge is another grape so nearly like the Concord, its parent, as not to be worth carrying as a distinct variety.

The Cottage another Concord seedling, is a little earlier than Concord and much sweeter, but not having as good clusters and on the whole not to be largely planted.

The Hartford is a prolific grape of fair quality, but drops too easily from the cluster for a shipping grape.

Moore's Early seems to be the best early black grape for shipping, so far.

The Herbert, Rogers' No. 44, for home use, ripening with the Worden, is large, beautiful and excellent, in our opinion one of the best, if not the best of all Rogers' grapes.

The Aminta, Rogers' No. 39, is another early grape deserving a place among desirable grapes.

The Barry, No. 43, is another excellent grape.

The Brighton easily ranks first among red grapes. It wants better care and culture than Concord, and where it is fully at home is far better than the Concord. It is early and delicious; but should be used while of an amber color, when the color deepens toward a purple it deteriorates rapidly in quality.

The Delaware is a most excellent grape, but needs double the enrichment, care and culture of the Concord; clusters should only be grown on long new arms to secure a superior crop.

The Lindley grape is very fine in quality, but not profitable in the vineyard.

The Agawan and Salem, Rogers' Nos. 15 and 53, are in the same category—neither are profitable in a vineyard.

The Diana is a superior grape under favorable circumstances; it needs a warm, deep but not too rich soil, and a southern exposure. The south side of a building is best. The bunches are compact; berries of moderate size, with a peculiar musky flavor, and one of the very best keepers.

For a deep strong border and the south side of a building, the Catawba is one of the finest red grapes. The fruit should be grown on young, strong arms not more than 30 to 25 pounds to the vine, and packed like the Diana for winter use.

The same may be said of the Isabella, which is our favorite grape for the table; but it needs the shelter of a building or wall.

The Iona is a most delicious grape, but has so much foreign blood in it as to be absolutely unreliable. This came from Dr. Grant as a native grape. A grape nearly or quite identical with the Iona, was sent years ago from Austria, by an American gentleman to the late David Clark, of Hartford, and to Dr. Grant of Iowa. If not identical with the Iona, the Iona may have been a seedling from it. But whatever its origin, in New England it is a failure.

The Jefferson as a vineyard grape with us is an emphatic failure.

The same may be said of the Prentiss and Empire State.

Of the Vergennes we planted an entire row, some 33 vines, believing it would be a success; but it has been a disappointment. It is a most excellent keeper, but winter-kills in our vineyard and is quite subject to mildew. Should not be planted in open vineyard but have shelter.

The Bacchus as a wine grape is desirable. It is much like the Clinton, but we think better.

Wyoming Red we think has merit as an early red grape, but we have not yet so fully tested it as to speak with full confidence.

Of Woodruff Red we can only say it promises well.

The Pearl, Othello, El Dorado, Quassac, Secretary, Excelsior, Airline, Waverly, Rebecca, Montgomery, Missouri, Reeling, Canada, Autcheon, Arnold's No. 2 and No. 5,

Black Pearl, Black Hawk, Black Eagle, Beauty, can all be left out to the advantage of the practical vinedresser.

The Pocklington, Martha, Lady and Hayes succeed in our vineyard. So does the Niagara, though not as hardy as the Pocklington.

The Green Mountain promises well, is very early; the best early grape we have yet tasted, but needs testing further to ascertain its general adaptability to vineyard planting. If it succeeds as a vineyard grape, it will be a great boon. It is certainly worthy of careful trial in widely varied locations throughout the country.

P. M. AUGER.

Amaryllises and their Culture.

The amaryllis is a noble genus of bulbous plants, of which there are now many splendid named varieties in cultivation. They may be grown either in the greenhouse or the window garden, and are not difficult to manage, the great secret being to give them alternately a season of growth and season of repose. The colors range from the deepest crimson scarlet to almost pure white. Very often the center of the flower is entirely discolored in color from the other parts, as for instance a white center in a crimson flower or a rosy scarlet center in a white flower. The Johnson's amaryllis a variety having dark red flowers with a white stripe down each segment is well known to flower growers, and valued.

All the amaryllises are of easy culture, the main requirements being that the plants should be abundantly supplied with water, heat and light when they are coming into flower, and water should be withheld from them by degrees when the bloom is over, until growth has ceased entirely, after which they should have plenty of rest. It is the mistake of many to suppose it to be necessary to place them contiguous to the heating apparatus in the greenhouse, a course which leads to the severe injury of hundreds of bulbs. They will be better suited if kept in any moderately dry place where the temperature does not fall below forty-five degrees.

The foliage will sometimes remain plump for a couple of months without water. So long as the plants are thoroughly at rest, it matters not whether the foliage dies away altogether, or a few leaves remain green throughout the winter. Bulbs preserved in the way suggested, will flower with double the strength of others maintained in a high temperature and where it is intensely dry.

Wintered after the manner outlined, some kinds may be turned out into a warm border in spring where they will flower; and if the season be fine, they will mature their bulbs in time to be taken up at the approach of frost. If bulbs in pots are kept dry and dormant during the latter part of the summer and autumn, they may be lead to bloom in a warm place in the winter. Indeed, by having a large stock of bulbs—and a good strain may easily be grown from seed—a regular succession of flowers may be had throughout nearly the entire year.

In pot cultivation it may be put down as a rule, the amaryllises do better not to have the roots disturbed frequently; a fresh pot once in two or three years is enough, and will grow better plants than can be accomplished by the annual shift as so much practiced. But with the bulb thus in one pot for several years, there should be good drainage in the pots, first, some pot sherds packed carefully at the bottom, and over this some sphagnum or bits of turf before filling in any soil, which then goes into the pot with the corner particles next to the drainage.

The best season for repotting the main stock is in the spring, for then the bulbs should be making their new root, and these with having new soil to feed in, will help along the plant remarkably. It is a good plan to re-pot a portion of the stock every spring, and then not to allow a single flower on the lot last potted, but to pinch out the flower buds as soon as they appear. Always pot firm and always in a substantial loamy compost. Such a course will be of much benefit to later crops of bloom.

For growth and bloom, a temperature of fifty degrees should be given at the start and which soon after may ascend to sixty or seventy degrees. From the time the new leaves appear until after bloom, the plants should be provided with plenty of water, a treatment which is really essential to the best success of the plant.—Popular Gardening.

Thinning Fruit.

A gardener asks for some rule in thinning fruit for the distance at which the fruit should be allowed to remain. In answer—the distance will vary with the size of varieties, and with the intended uses of the crops; but as a general or approximate rule, large peaches should be four or five inches apart on the bearing branches, and small or early ones three or four inches; pears should be at quite as great distances, with more variation for differences in size, for while such diminutive pears as the Summer Doyenne need not be more than two or three inches apart, the Angouleme should be at least six inches. Pears may be rather less than peaches, but the necessity of thinning is even more urgent, to save from rotting. Any orchardist may have observed the improved quality, as well as size, in apples with a moderate crop, and should thin accordingly. It should not be forgotten or overlooked that fruit properly thinned is so much improved in quality, as well as size, that no loss in the magnitude of the crop occurs, and a positive gain in quality and price is secured by thinning.—Country Gentleman.

A New Tomato Trouble.

Professor Stelle, the agricultural editor of the Mobile Register, was shown some specimens of tomato vines from which the flowers had fallen in a peculiar manner. "To have seemed," said Professor Stelle, "to have been inflicted by some kind of injury on the fine fruit stems a short distance below the flowers, causing the stems to rot at this point and break off with the flowers. He reports the trouble as general in his garden as to render his prospects for tomatoes extremely slim. On close examination we find it to be the work of a minute insect known as the tarnished plant bug. In its different larval stages it presents a variety of colors, but when at full maturity it is of a dirty brownish color, oval in shape, and about one-sixth of an inch in length. The larvae are more inclined to greenish.

"The bugs work on various plants of the kitchen garden, but seems to most prefer

something in the family to which the potato belongs, as the Irish potato, the egg plant, the tomato, and so on. It punctures the small stem with its slender beak, sucks out the juices, and appears to poison the plant, so that it rots at the point of puncture and soon breaks off.

"Kerosene powders" is the remedy proposed by the State entomologist of Arkansas. Its preparation consists in simply mixing, say ten per cent of the kerosene with any available powder, such as road dust, flour, plaster, etc. The use of kerosene powder does not seem to be attended with any risk of hurting the plant. Pulverize finely and dust over the plants in the morning when the dew is on."

Thinning Out Pears.

At this season, when the pear is getting to be some size, the thinning-out of the fruit where it is growing in clusters and is generally overbearing, should be attended to without fail. The fear that so many growers entertain that they will be lessening the crop and losing income from it, is all a mistake. By judicious thinning out the yield will not only be equally great in measure, but the increased prices obtained from the enlarged size of the fruit, its appearance and perfectness, will doubly compensate for any supposed loss in quantity. We have reduced the pears upon some of our own trees full one-half, and found that we did not remove enough, and that if we had taken off one-half the remainder it would have been still better. A few years ago we had a standard Belle Lucrative tree, some fifteen feet in height, apparently in perfect health, which was so overloaded with fruit that one-half of the crop was taken off at one time, which was followed a month or so later by the removal of one-half the rest, thus leaving only a fourth of the original crop, and yet the tree died from the over-draft upon its energies.

In thinning out the clusters, or wherever the specimens touch each other, should be the first to be removed, and of these select all that are imperfect in shape, or knotty, or in any way not up to the general run in size. There should also be a second thinning-out, when the fruit is nearly half-grown, when wormy and all imperfect specimens should be sorted out. We have never failed in deriving advantage from it.—Germania Telegraph.

A Mushroom Manufacturer.

A "mushroom manufacturer" is the latest thing in novelties, even in these days when commercial license is often carried to the utmost possible length. As individual living in the Department of the Avenue, struck by the high price at which mushrooms were being sold in his district, conceived the idea of fabricating the delicacy out of turnips. He cut the turnips into rounds, dried them, and after giving them a dab of the paint brush, disposed of them to unsuspecting customers as the genuine article.

For some time he drove a thriving trade but unluckily for him he one day sold a batch to a gourmet who was not so easily to be taken in. Indignant at the trick played on him, the gourmet brought an action, which has just resulted in the condemnation of the mushroom manufacturer to two months' imprisonment. It was in vain that he pleaded that he had enabled his fellow-citizens to regale themselves on a vegetable which they regarded as a good specimen of the mushroom. He cut the turnips into rounds, dried them, and after giving them a dab of the paint brush, disposed of them to unsuspecting customers as the genuine article.

Horticultural Items.

The Indiana Farmer says the hot weather and numerous showers have made grapes around Indianapolis rot badly.

It is said the average value of the entire apple crop of New Jersey is a dollar a barrel lower than it would otherwise be, by reason of the injury which the fruit sustains from the codling moth, producing what are commonly called "wormy apples." So much for the work of one insect.

The Western Rural says: "The characteristic, so common with Americans, to do everything in a hurry has prevented the planting of the best fruit trees. If some of us had possessed a little more patience, we should now have fine groves of good trees on our farms. Let us begin now to exercise the needed patience."

Dr. COLLIER, of the New York State Experiment Station, as reported in the Hesperian, has found a beautiful sample of apples dried on zinc trays, a quantity equal to one-third of a pound of zinc to every 10,000 pounds of evaporated fruit, in the form of sulphate of zinc, and he expressed the opinion that a continued use of this fruit would lead to very serious consequences.

In Worcester, Mass., the sum of \$1,800 has been annually expended for seven years in the work of planting shade trees in the residence portion of the city. The work was begun in 1862, and trees then planted are now beautifying the streets. The work is in the hands of a board of commissioners, and thus uniformity in size and form and a pleasing diversity in varieties are secured.

Judge SAMUEL MILLER, of Missouri, thinks the true cause of barren years is over-production and consequent exhaustion the previous year; and says that it sometimes happens that he fails to go over all his trees in thinning on a bountiful year, and too heavy a crop is allowed to mature; and just as sure as this happens, there will be a partial or entire failure next year. He adopts the correct view that it is much easier to remove half the crop while the fruit is small, than to hand-pick the whole after the apples have grown, and then go over all in assorting; besides not attaining such fine specimens as where the fruit is not crowded in growing.

The neighbors of J. M. Hale, the Connecticut peach-grower, thought him "some new kind of an idiot" to pick off four-fifths of the fruit from his peach trees by hand, after waiting six years from the time of planting for a crop. To please them a few trees were left without thinning. These gave about the same yield in baskets per tree as those from which four-fifths of the fruit had been thrown away. But the thinned ones were so much larger and more excellent that they sold for more than double the price in market. The

result was that every dollar invested in the work of thinning paid a direct profit of at least five dollars, nor were the trees at all exhausted.

Light hurdle-frames, filled with wire-netting are a neat and handy support for peas, which climb, and adhere to them admirably. But for the heavier tomato-vines nothing seems to be so tidy, simple and safe as to set an eight-foot stake to each plant and tie the advancing stem to it, keeping it erect. All side shoots should be pinched off as soon as they appear, leaving only the one terminal shoot, and choosing the one which bears a blossom. This improves the fruit, involves no labor or trouble, and is every way very gratifying in result. A child who learns thus to train a tomato plant will soon know how to train woody vines and plants.—N. Y. Tribune.

Apiarian.

Studying the Bee Colony.

When you first notice a hive filled with bees you will probably notice only one kind of bees, but if the spring has advanced far enough you will soon discover that there are some bees larger than others, and if you carefully look over the combs you will not doubt see one bee that looks unlike any other. This leads me to say that there are three kinds of bees in a colony during the spring and summer months.

The queen is larger than any of the rest. She is the only perfect female in the colony. She lays all the eggs, thus becoming the mother of both workers and drones. She lives two or three years. She never leaves the hive except when leading out the first swarm of the season, whose queen she becomes.

The drone is a large bee, but is not so long as the queen. There may be several hundred of them in a colony. They are the male bees. Their presence is necessary during the season when young queens are being raised to fertilize them. They do not sting, but are stung out of the hives by the workers when no longer needed.

The workers are neuter or imperfect females. There may be 20,000 or more of them in one colony. As their names implies they do nearly all the work, comb building, honey gathering tending and feeding the young bees. They do not live long. During the summer season they live from thirty to sixty days. In the winter, being most of the time in a dormant state, they live much longer, the younger bees of the fall, living until spring.

Bees build three kinds of cells: The ordinary or work cell, the drone cell and the queen cell. The queen lays all the eggs. An egg in a worker cell will produce a worker, in a drone cell a drone, and in a queen cell it will produce a queen. If a queen dies leaving eggs in a cell the bees can rear themselves another queen by building a queen over a common worker cell and feeding the larva in the cell royal jelly. In due time this larva, originally designed to be a worker comes forth a queen.

The four stages of transformation of insect life are all present in a perfect colony of bees. The queen lays the egg in the bottom of the cell. In two or three days it is hatched, and a tiny little worm is seen covered with a kind of white jelly-like fluid. This continues to grow until the cell is half filled by it. Then it spins its cocoon, closing up the cell in which it takes its sleep, preparatory to coming out to engage in its life work. The first stage of this development is the ovum or egg state, for it does not show by its appearance what it is to become. The third is the pupa or baby state. It is now wrapped and banded and undergoing the change from a crawling to a flying animal. The fourth is the imago. "It is now he image for representative in full of its species." All these stages will be present in a colony that is in perfect condition.—Nebraska Farmer.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

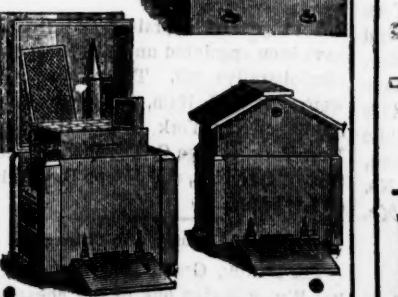
from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

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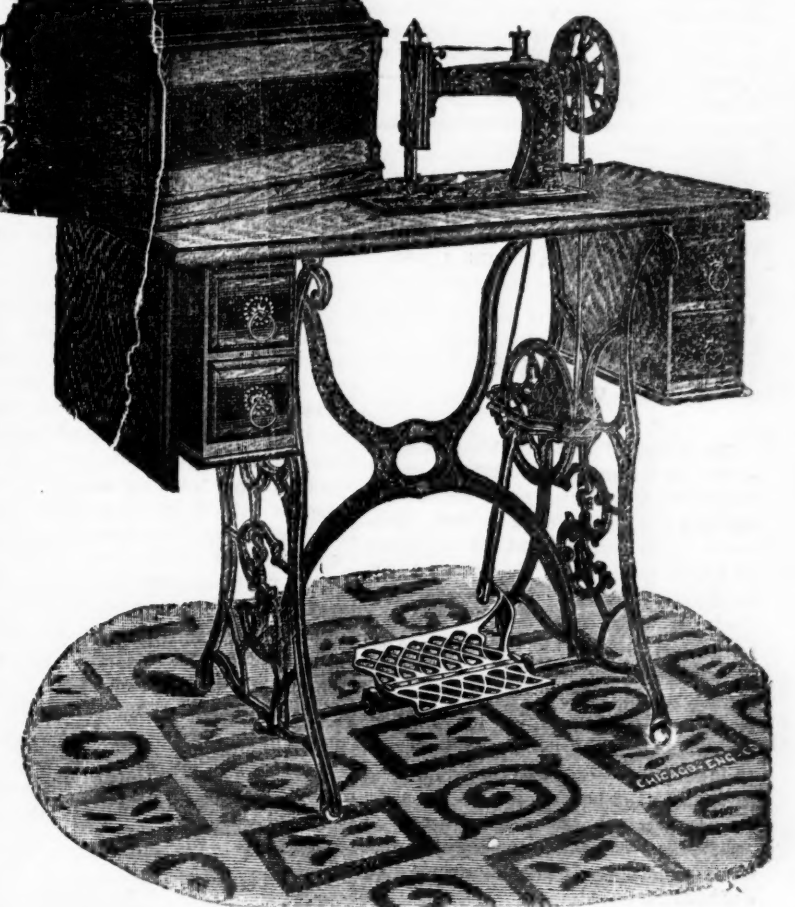


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The Finest and Best Made Machine of the Singer Pattern in the market.



HIGH-ARM IMPROVED SINGER.

With each of these machines we furnish one Ruffler, one Tuckor, one set Hemmers, one Foot Hemmer, one Sew Driver, one Wrench, one Oil Can and Oil, one Gauge, one Gauge Thumb-Screw, one extra Throat-Plate, one extra Check-Spring, one paper Needles, six Bobbins, and one Instruction Book. These articles are all included in the price named.

Bear in mind that these machines are thoroughly made and of first-class workmanship, and

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These machines furnished to subscribers of the FARMER for

\$18.00!

Which includes also a year's subscription to the paper. These never was a high-arm machine sold before for less than three times this price.

These Machines Guaranteed for Five Years.

Purchaser pays freight, which runs from 65c. to 90c. on each machine, according to location of purchaser.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS.

Samples of these machines can be seen at this office. Address orders to

GIBBONS BROTHERS.

DETROIT, MICH.

OUR NEW MACHINE "THE MICHIGAN."

Manufactured expressly for the MICHIGAN FARMER.

We have Tested all the Machines Manufactured and finally decided on the MICHIGAN as the Simplest in Construction, the Finest in Finish, the Lightest Running, and doing the Best Quality of Work. This decision we arrived at for the following reasons:



one Gauge Thumb Screw, one Extra Throat Plate, one Oil Can and Oil, and one Instruction Book.

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.

Highly Ornamented Head, Nickel-Plated Balance Wheel, Drop-Leaf Table of Oil-Feather Walnut, Gothic Box Cover with French Veneered Panels, Case of Two Drawers, each of Table, with Locks and Veneered Fronts.

These machines will be furnished to subscribers to the FARMER for

\$21.00,

which includes a Year's Subscription.

A Guarantee from the manufacturer for five years is sent with each machine.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS.

The purchaser pays the freight, which will be less than \$1.00 on any part of the State. A sample of this machine can be seen at the FARMER Office. Address all orders to

GIBBONS BROTHERS,

DETROIT, MICH.

GREAT OFFER! PIANOS + \$35. + ORGANS!

Direct from the Factory at Manufacturer's Prices. No such offer ever made before. Every man his own agent. Examine in your home before paying. Write for particulars. Address THE T. Swoger & Son Pianos & Organs, BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.

FROM REV. JAMES H. POTTS, D. D., EDITOR OF MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN: "To say we are delighted with the Piano does not express the fact. It is a beautiful instrument, and as fine in appearance and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred."

FROM PROF. JAS. OWEN, REPUBLICAN, MICHIGAN: "The organ has arrived, and is in every respect up to my highest expectations. It is one of a splendid."



## MICHIGAN FARMER.

—AND—  
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS.

—SUCCESSORS TO—

JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers.

Nos. 40 and 42 West Larned St.

DETROIT, MICH.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers wishing the address of the FARMER changed must give us the name of the Postoffice to which the paper is now being sent as well as the one they wish to have sent to. In writing for a change of address all that is necessary to say is: Change the address on MICHIGAN FARMER from — Postoffice to — Postoffice. Sign your name in full.



DETROIT, SATURDAY, AUG. 2, 1890.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 253,852 bu., against 140,662 bu. the previous week, and 169,906 bu. for corresponding week in 1889. Shipments for the week were 185,023 bu., against 69,688 bu. the previous week, and 85,092 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 246,913 bu., against 170,000 bu. last week, and 93,109 bu. at the corresponding date in 1889. The visible supply of this grain on July 26 was 18,392,415 bu., against 18,557,191 bu. the previous week, and 12,154,379 bu. for the corresponding week in 1889. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 164,875 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows an increase of 6,237,539 bu.

The advance noted a week ago held good until Wednesday, when prices began to sag and yesterday they closed showing a loss of 2½¢ on spot, and 3¢ on futures. As compared with a week ago prices are lower both for spot and future delivery. The feeling was weak in all domestic markets yesterday; Chicago reported a loss of ¼¢ during the day, St. Louis ¼¢, and New York ½¢ on futures. The decline seems to have started from exaggerated reports of big yields in the Northwest, with more favorable weather for harvesting. Foreign markets have also weakened, and this affected domestic markets to some extent. But we believe the situation favors higher prices than now prevail.

The following table exhibits the daily closing sales of spot wheat in this market from July 10th to August 1st inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
	White.	Red.	Red.
July 10.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
" 11.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
" 12.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
" 13.....	89 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2
" 14.....	88 1/2	87 1/2	83 1/2
" 15.....	90 1/2	87 1/2	83 1/2
" 16.....	90 1/2	87 1/2	83 1/2
" 17.....	90 1/2	87 1/2	83 1/2
" 18.....	90 1/2	87 1/2	83 1/2
" 19.....	92	89 1/2	83 1/2
" 20.....	90	88 1/2	83 1/2
" 21.....	90	88 1/2	83 1/2
" 22.....	90	89	84 1/2
" 23.....	89	89	84 1/2
" 24.....	89 1/2	90 1/2	85 1/2
" 25.....	90	90 1/2	85 1/2
" 26.....	90	92 1/2	89
" 27.....	91	93 1/2	89 1/2
" 28.....	91	93 1/2	89 1/2
" 29.....	90	92	89
" 30.....	90	90	86 1/2
" 31.....	89 1/2	90	86 1/2
Aug 1.....	89 1/2	90	86 1/2



STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST-OFFICE.
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Aug. 26 to Sept. 5	Geo. M. Savage	Detroit
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Sept. 5 to 12	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Sept. 12 to 19	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Sept. 19 to 26	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Sept. 26 to Oct. 3	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Oct. 3 to 10	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Oct. 10 to 17	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Oct. 17 to 24	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Oct. 24 to 31	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Nov. 1 to 8	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Nov. 8 to 15	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Nov. 15 to 22	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Nov. 22 to 29	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Nov. 29 to Dec. 6	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Dec. 6 to 13	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Dec. 13 to 20	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Dec. 20 to 27	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Dec. 27 to Jan. 3	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jan. 3 to 10	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jan. 10 to 17	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jan. 17 to 24	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jan. 24 to 31	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Feb. 1 to 8	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Feb. 8 to 15	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Feb. 15 to 22	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Feb. 22 to 29	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Feb. 29 to Mar. 6	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Mar. 6 to 13	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Mar. 13 to 20	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Mar. 20 to 27	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Mar. 27 to Apr. 3	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Apr. 3 to 10	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Apr. 10 to 17	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Apr. 17 to 24	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Apr. 24 to 31	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	May 1 to 8	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	May 8 to 15	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	May 15 to 22	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	May 22 to 29	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	May 29 to Jun. 5	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jun. 5 to 12	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jun. 12 to 19	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jun. 19 to 26	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jun. 26 to Jul. 3	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jul. 3 to 10	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jul. 10 to 17	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Jul. 17 to 24	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
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Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Aug. 1 to 8	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Aug. 8 to 15	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Aug. 15 to 22	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Aug. 22 to 29	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor
Ann Arbor Agricultural Society	Ann Arbor	Aug. 29 to Sep. 5	J. C. Sterling	Ann Arbor

MICHIGAN COUNTY FAIRS.

Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Sept. 30 to Oct. 3	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Oct. 3 to 10	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Oct. 10 to 17	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Oct. 17 to 24	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Oct. 24 to 31	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Nov. 1 to 8	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Nov. 8 to 15	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Nov. 15 to 22	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Nov. 22 to 29	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Nov. 29 to Dec. 6	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Dec. 6 to 13	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Dec. 13 to 20	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Dec. 20 to 27	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Dec. 27 to Jan. 3	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Jan. 3 to 10	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Jan. 10 to 17	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Jan. 17 to 24	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Jan. 24 to 31	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
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Alcona County Fair	Alcona	Feb. 29 to Mar. 6	W. C. Beermann	Alcona
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General.

Complete census returns show Buffalo to be 25,943 people.

The southern part of Virginia is suffering from severe and protracted drought.

A list of the victims of the Johnstown flood just published places the number at 2,187.

Advices from North Carolina and Virginia indicate that the tobacco crop will be large and of fine quality.

President Harrison will be in Boston on the day of the big parade, during the G. A. R. National Encampment.

A gang of horse thieves have stolen forty valuable animals in and around Hastings, Neb., in the past two weeks.

On Sunday night last, fire at Wallace, in the State of Alaska, burned down the residence of a prominent citizen.

The destruction was complete. The total loss is \$142,000.

A gang of 4,000 men employed by the National Tailor Works at McKeesport, Pa., has been settled amicably, and the men have gone back to work.

Texas fever is making the owners of cows in the outskirts of Chicago very tired. The Texans were driven over the ground where the cows are pastured.

V. Vonastreicher, a bogus Austrian baron, has worked Cincinnati and Louisville by means of bogus checks for \$1,000, and is now after bigger game in the east.

Since the opening of navigation 3,734,120 tons of goods have been shipped from the superior region, which is 540,000 tons more than for the same time last year.

Over \$300,000 worth of lumber, telegraph poles and oak timber were turned in Chicago on Wednesday night. Aye & Co. are the operators in this State, loss \$140,000 worth.

Wheat harvesting began in Manitoba early this week. Crop reports from all parts of the province state that the wheat yield will be one of the greatest Manitoba has yet had.

The National Economist having charged that the silver bill was passed by bribery and corruption, Representative Oates has introduced a resolution providing for an investigation.

Reports from Brooks County, Kansas, are to the effect that nearly everything in that section is burned by the grasshopper and that a prairie fire will sweep the country.

Some Americans are proposing to raise troops to help Guatemala in its fight with Salvador. One party has offered to raise 2,000 men, but no answer has yet been received.

The San Francisco Chronicle charges that the Mexicans have invested \$5,000,000 in property in San Francisco, and that the name of the city is being used to attract capital.

The business portion of Walnut, Ill., was swept by fire on Wednesday morning. Fifty buildings being destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$1,000,000. The fire was caused by a gas stove.

The pool-rooms in Chicago are fighting those at the race-tracks, and there is blood on the moon. Consequences will be meted out to the pool-rooms on the track, but the crowd there out of the grounds.

Tom Woolfolk, of Georgia, wants a new trial, because he did not get a fair trial. He was convicted of murdering nine people, and the Supreme Court thinks his conviction was all right. Tom is to be hanged.

A report from Baltimore says that on Monday last a collision occurred between a passenger train and a freight train. The passenger train was derailed, and one man killed and several injured.

State Senator Custer, of Oklahoma, O., Miss., was killed by a bullet fired by a man named John Smith. The bullet entered his chest and passed through his lungs.

Incendiaries set fire to the residence of Rev. David Plumb, in Cale, Ind., early Tuesday morning, and destroyed it. Mr. Plumb was fatally injured, and his wife and children were also injured.

A Lake Shore train was attacked by tramps Monday night near South Bend, Ind. The train was derailed, and several passengers were injured.

The town of Seneca Falls, N. Y., had a fire on Wednesday night, which destroyed the business blocks. The fire originated in what is known as the Paw building, against the erection of which a large number of persons protested.

It was asserted it would be a fire-trap, as it turned out to be.

From a small cloud in an otherwise clear sky a single violent flash of lightning descended upon the town of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and struck the Paw building, which was destroyed.

The Paw building was a large, two-story building, and was one of the best buildings in the town. It was owned by the Paw family, and was used as a warehouse.

The fire was caused by a gas stove, and the loss is estimated at \$1,000,000.

The Paw family is a prominent family in Seneca Falls, and the fire is a great loss to them.

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Foreign.

German soldiers are collecting a fund with which to defray the expenses of a celebration in honor of Count von Moltke's 90th birthday.

A ukase just issued at St. Petersburg forbids further action by Russian missionaries in the Far East.

A revolution is feared in Zanzibar. The Sultan's brother is said to be implicated in a conspiracy to overthrow the reigning monarch.

A cable dispatch from London says that the Marquis de Launay is about leaving London for New York to bring relations again to the press of the United States for libel.

He has been mentioned recently as the man killed by Mrs. Frank Leslie, and is said to be an adroit young man who is anxious to marry an American girl with a large fortune.

He has been much fun and experience before these libel suits are terminated.

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Springdale Farm, Lansing, Mich., JAMES M. TURNER, Proprietor.



CLYDESDALE HORSES, SHORTHORN CATTLE, Hereford Cattle and Shropshire Sheep.

Shorthorn breeders will note among the animals for sale the DUCHESSE BULL, Grand Duke of Springdale; color, red; born December 28, 1888. Got by Grand Duke of Woodburn sires, out of Duchess of Ridgeway 7th, Vol. 3, page 24.

Also Wild Eye Duke of Springdale; color, red; dropped Sept. 23, 1889; got by Grand Duke of Woodburn sires, out of Duchess of Ridgeway 7th, Vol. 3, page 24.

Both of above animals are very superior individuals, and bred to the Queen's sires, will be seen by reference to the herd book.

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## Poetry.

## AFTER FORTY.

After forty looks grow thinner,  
We grow stouter—there's the rub!  
Linger longer o'er our dinner,  
Shirk the maid's call to the tub.  
After forty we get lazier,  
To the lads the girls resign—  
They may flirt with Dot and Daisy,  
Whilst we loiter o'er our wine!

After forty we discover  
Aches and pains distinctly new,  
Once a lobster salad lover,  
Now we court the homely stew!  
After forty, fiddling is dead,  
Sad to tell, an easy prey!  
Leaving lightness behind us,  
We grow graver day by day!

After forty, saucy misses  
Treat us to their own papas;  
No fear now of stolen kisses,  
Billet-doux—irate mamas;  
But, their white arms calmly resting  
On our shoulders, if you please,  
They will ask (and not jesting)  
After our rheumatic knees!

After forty we're approaching  
Foggy days and night encroaching  
On our precious "forty winks,"  
O'er a stile we crawl with caution,  
We, once agile as a roe!  
For life's autumn is our portion,  
And its spring went long ago!

After forty, greybeards claim us  
Quite as one of them—"ah me!"  
Men of sixty think we're fine—  
We are only forty three!  
Old "Jim Crow," too, crawls with pleasure,  
Older than our own birth!  
Time, who picks our kinks at leisure,  
Winks at wigs—the horrid quiz!

What's the moral of the matter?  
This, and lay it well to heart;  
After forty, cease light chatter,  
Act as more the stolid part!  
Let us take, with resignation,  
In old fogies' ranks a place;  
Tis an art worth cultivation,  
That of "growing old" with grace.

—F. B. Doroce.

## THE WELLS SECRET.

I knew it in all my boyhood; in a lonesome valley meadow,  
Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the woods  
Its eyes flashed back the sunshine and grew dark  
And sad with shadow,  
And I loved its truthful depths, where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched  
The sunbeams' rings of silver as the drops of crystal fell.  
I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river,  
Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it, on a sudden unexpected,  
When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow hid the place,  
And I looked in the dark waters, saw my pallid cheek reflected,  
And beside it, looking upward, met an evil reptile face.

Looking upward—furious, started at the silent, swift intrusion,  
Then I darted toward the grasses, and I saw not where it fled;  
But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time evil illusion  
Of the pure and perfect symbol had cherished there was dead.

O, the pain to know the perjury of seeming truth that blossoms!  
My soul was seared like sin to see the falsehood of the place,  
And the innocence that mocked me, while in dim, unseen recesses  
There were lurking fouler secrets than the furthest reptile face.

And silence then—ah! why the burden?—when joyous faces greet me,  
With eyes of limpid innocence and words devoid of art,  
I cannot trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me  
Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## Miscellaneous.

## A HOUSE-HUNTER'S REPRIEVE.

"Yes," said mamma, "you'd better tell the doctor, Betty, that we have concluded not to take this house for another year. It is a great blow to me, Betty. My pecuniary arrangements with the doctor have been very advantageous and strict economy in domestic matters is highly important just now. The little money we had when your papa died is sadly diminished: Gred's education has cost so much, and it is so expensive to dress and educate Blanche suitably to her style and beauty. I had hoped—I was almost certain—"

Here mamma began to cry. I felt very sorry for her. She suffered as much in her way as she made me suffer in mine.

"We'll get another house, mamma," I said, hoping to ward off the topic that I knew mamma was dying to talk about; but nothing would do.

"It's not the house I'm dissatisfied with," said my poor mother. "It's Dr. Steele, the owner of it, of whom I have cause to complain."

"I think you have misunderstood the doctor's old-fashioned politeness, mamma. It is always, perhaps, too pointed."

"Altogether too pointed, as far as your sister is concerned," said mamma. "He is as much as told me he was in love with her down at the beach last summer. Don't you remember the day he invited us all to go, and was so vexed because you would not leave the house with the new servants that he talked about it all the way down in the train, and appeared to be very sorry that your domestic duties were so engrossing? You must acknowledge, Betty, that he has been very kind to you."

"I do acknowledge it, very gratefully indeed, mamma."

"And then," continued mamma, he got Fred that situation in the bank. Why, no man could be more pronounced in his attentions to the family of the young lady he proposed to marry, and I should have thought that you would have been able to lead a mother to believe that he is about to propose for her daughter's hand, and then seem to forget all that he has said. I remember

his very words, Betty. Your sister had started down to the water's edge, and the doctor sat upon the seat beside me, following her with his eyes and poking his cane into the sand. 'Madam' said he, speaking very deliberately, as a man does when he has made up his mind, 'I must tell you that I have a motive in asking you and your daughters to share my holiday at the beach. I am very much interested in your daughter. And here Blanche came strolling back again, looking so lovely that I thought the best thing I could do would be to leave them together. I made an excuse to go back to the hotel, and supposed that when I returned all would be settled, but from that day to this he never opened the subject again either to Blanche or to me. Your sister is young and thoughtless, and accepts his attentions as she does those of everybody by whom she is admired; but a parent is bound to look at the matter in a more serious manner.'

"Blanche don't care a fig, for him, mamma," I said.

"She would try to care for him if he offered himself. She has owned to me that she might be brought to view the matter in a favorable light."

"Oh, mamma," I said, jumping off my chair in a heat of mortification and impatience, "let's get out of this house as soon as we can! I'll tell him we're going to move, and go out house-hunting this very day."

"Yes, do, Betty," said my mother; "and watch him when you tell him—see if he is surprised and vexed. And, Betty, my child, and you have such a plain old-fashioned way you seem so much older than you really are, and the doctor and you have always been such good friends, and he may confide in you."

"Excuse me, mamma," I said, running to the door. I am sure I hear the vegetable man, and I must see about luncheon before I go."

Away I ran down the stairs as fast as I could go and rapped at the door of the doctor's study.

He opened the door, and already had his hat in his hand and his overcoat under his arm. He put both of them aside, and with gentle courtesy bade me come over to the open fire.

"For the air is chilly, Miss Betty," he said, "though we are getting on toward April. I believe—"

"Yes," I said, and rushed immediately into the subject in hand. "I will not detain you, doctor. I must tell you that mamma has concluded to move. I am going out house-hunting to-day."

Mamma ought to have been there, for surprise amounting to consternation was depicted on her face. It was painted on the doctor's face at that moment.

"House-hunting?" he cried. "What would you do such an insane thing for? Move! What does your mother want now? Papering? painting? kalsomining? a hanging garden on the roof? a calcium light in the hall? a steam callopie in the parlor? Tell me what she wants, and if it is possible to accomplish it without the aid of Aladdin's lamp it shall be done."

How could I say that she wanted him to marry my sister Blanche. It makes me burn from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet to remember the conversation between mamma and me.

"You are very generous, doctor," I said, but my mother wants to move. Don't you know that women are changeable sometimes and get tired of one place?"

"And the one party," he rejoined—"the one old fossil who began to hope he might settle down to certain surroundings and be happy? Are you one of these women, Miss Betty? Do you want to leave your land-lord?"

I knew it was nothing but a generous pity for my condition of mind and body that made him look upon me with such sweet compassion. He threw his gloves aside and took both my hands in his own. That was his unfortunate manner, his all too friendly way, so easily misunderstood, as I tried to persuade my mother. If it had been my beautiful sister instead of my plain little self, it might have been thought that the consummation to mamma's ambition was about to be reached.

"You look already so tired!" he said. "Sit down here in this easy chair and tell me what I can do to save you from the awful fate of a house-hunter. Did you ever hear of Myneer Von Ghlan, who every morning said, 'I am the richest merchant in Rotterdam,' he came to grief, my dear little woman, from too much walking. Haven't you cared enough upon your poor little shoulders? If your mother will move, why don't she go herself upon this hunt that she desires?"

"My mother is never quite well, I said. "And your sister?" he said.

"That would never do," I replied quickly; "she is too—"

"Too beautiful," he said, with a wry grimace.

"Yes," I exclaimed, resolving to make one little struggle in mamma's behalf. Don't you think that my sister is beautiful, Dr. Steele?"

"Yes," he said, with all the vehemence that could be required of him: "too beautiful altogether. I wish she was as ugly as a stone fence."

A red flame leaped into his dark cheek. He was certainly agitated by some unwonted emotion. I thought that perhaps he loved her, but distrusted his fate because of her beauty and her youth. Who could tell? The moment passed while I hesitated, not knowing what to say in mamma's behalf. If I only could have gained courage to ask him what was the motive he spoke of that day at the beach; but how could I? It was impossible. I got upon my feet. He picked up his gloves and followed me into the hall.

"You must persuade your mother to abandon the idea of moving," he said gently.

"Oh, please, no!" I exclaimed. "I cannot, doctor. We must go."

"I cannot force you to stay," he said coldly; then turned to his man John, who watched his horse outside. "Go get a bill," he said, "and put it into the house."

"To let?" said John, with curious surprise.

"Yes," said the doctor. "No—for sale. I'll sell everything out," he added, "and go to the desert of Sahara." Then he leaped into his buggy and drove away, leaving me to ponder over the wretched frustrations of this miserable world.

Dr. Steele had lived thirty years at least.

In this dear old house, for he has often said that he came here when a boy of fifteen, and he could not be far from fifty now. He was the only child of a widowed mother who had died when he was two years old. When she had died two years before, the doctor had put an rdy stiletment in the paper that, I well remember, seemed very attractive to mamma. Our acquaintance with him were indeed very satisfactory. He was generous to a fault, simple in his tastes, punctual in his habits. From a boarder he had become a friend, almost a benefactor. Had it not been for the beauty of Blanche, or the ambition of my mother, or the extreme warmth of the doctor's politeness, or perhaps a tenderer sentiment of his that he really dared nourish for so young and beautiful a creature as Blanche—had it not been for one of all these, we might have lived happily here for years. Now we must go. Heaven knew where and how. I went out that very afternoon upon my dreary quest, and grew sick at heart when I saw the signal of misery and disengagement hanging at the doorway: "For sale. Inquire within." I read it and acknowledged to myself that the deed was done.

We were houseless, homeless wanderers again upon the face of the earth. I wished Blanche was not so very beautiful; perhaps it would have been better, as the doctor had said. If she had been as ugly as a stone fence, whatever style of ugliness that might be. For when we went, my mother would be a beggar plotting, marplotting, hoping, fearing, despairing. I went to all the agents in the neighborhood. I looked at impossible houses—houses like the doctor's, but with rents that reached to the thousands. I found to my blushing terror that we had absolutely been living for years upon the doctor's bounty—the rent we had paid for his house was ridiculously small. A mere farthing a week! he must have been known long ago. He could not have been unconscious of his rackless generosity, and the advantages we were reaping from it. My cheeks tingled with every new knowledge I gained, but my chief sorrow lay in the fact that we could no longer go on living in the blissful ignorance was. The doctor could afford it, seemed rather to enjoy it, and I had no longer that indomitable spirit that chafes under even a supposed obligation. If that spirit had existed, it had long ago ceased out of my body.

For mamma began to look gray and old and took double doses of her nervous medicine. Her constant recurrence to that day at the seashore made the black winds of March seem to be beating about my ears like pitiless waves against a ship in the trough of the sea, and her haggard and anxious surveillance of every movement of the doctor's drove me at last to securing a house. It was a fine-shaded building that saved of sewer gas a little, and of mould and mildew very much more; the paper was hanging from the walls; the ceilings were cracked and dangerously bulging, but we had no choice. It was a dreary, dismal, desolate, on the damp and shady side of the street, and had the unenviable reputation of lately being occupied by a clairvoyant who had never come back from one of his trances. But the agent spoke vaguely of repairs, and it was absolutely the only house in the whole metropolis that seemed available to our family.

There was a final humiliation to suffer—security was demanded for the rent. There was nobody to ask it from but the doctor. I began to think he might be so glad to get rid of that would seem a trifling favor. For the doctor, after the first shock, had appeared to be quite resigned to the idea of our separation. His house yet hung upon his hands; it was neither let nor sold; but doctor went upon the even tenor of his way, apparently undisturbed by the rise or fall of real estate.

March happened to be going out as a lion on the day that I secured the house. The heavens opened, the rain fell, and beat upon my defenceless head, that had ached and ached for many a day. I had almost lived in the streets for the previous fortnight, and ought to have grown accustomed to my nomadic miseries. But they seemed to culminate in my final success, and when the agent handed me over a document which he said would secure me the house if properly signed, a cold shudder went to the marrow of my bones, and I felt as if it was my death warrant. I staggered home, resolved to have done with the whole torture that day, and found a money-lender on the door-step anxious to negotiate with the doctor about his property. This was the last turn of the thumb-screw, but I hastened to the doctor's study and asked him his price.

"A hundred thousand dollars, cash down!" shouted the doctor, without even turning his head.

I thought I had misunderstood him. I was so faint and weary that every voice I heard went humming in my ears like a spent bell.

"I beg your pardon doctor," I faltered; "what did you say?"

He turned and looked at me, got upon his feet, and reached me just as it seemed to me I could no longer stand. He carried me to an easy chair, undid my bonnet strings, dropped some liquid in a little glass, and pushing back my head, poured it down my throat.

The bell rang loudly. The party at the door had waited all this time to know the price of the house.

"Tell him I've changed my mind," said the doctor. "Take the bill down, John, and tell Miss Betty's mother to step down here at once."

"Your daughter is very ill," he said, as poor mamma came into the study. "She must be put to bed immediately. I will carry her up the stairs."

My poor mother, who could never restrain herself, burst into a passion of tears and reproaches.

"It is all your fault," she cried to the doctor. "If you had not trifled so with Blanche, and actually told me that day on the beach that you cared for my daughter, and had a motive in inviting us to go there, and then thrown her over in such a humiliating way, things would never have come to this pass."

But the doctor had already picked me up in his arms and started for the stairway, my poor mother stumbling after him.

"I did care for your daughter, madam," said the doctor, in a clear, ringing voice that might have been heard upon the high-top,

"and will care for her to my dying day, and my motive has always been to make her care for me, but it is your daughter Betty that I love, you blind and foolish woman, and not your beautiful Blanche."

I felt his rough hand graze my chin, his lips touch mine, in the twilight of the upper hall, and then I sank away into paradise. When I came back to the world again I was lying in my mother's bed in the second-story back room of the dear old house of the doctor. I must have lingered a long time in that queer shadowy land to which I had floated in at the top of the window that looked over the old-fashioned garden; the thick, knobby old lilac tree must have been bursting into bloom, for the faint, sweet fragrance reached me where I lay; the tulip bed must have been one blaze of color.

My mother sat in a low chair by my bedside with her prayer-book in her hand. But she looked younger by ten years than when I had seen her last. Poor dear woman! she was reconciled to my struggle with life and death, so long as my important matters had been so unobtrusively settled. But she was overjoyed to find that I was there again. Poor mamma had always depended so upon me, and loved me well in her own way. Now it came to her that she almost loved me in another way too as she did her beautiful Blanche. Amid her tears and smiles she began to twist some whips of hair upon my forehead into curls, and arrange the blue bows that adorned my night robe.

"Thank God," she said, "for all his mercies! My dear, dear child, compose yourself, Betty, before the doctor comes—he has been so excited, my confusion—but, my darling, you must know—it is necessary, it is right, that you should know, and perhaps it will do you good; it ought to, I'm sure; it has satisfied me through all these weary weeks—Betty, my love, my darling, wonderful as it may seem, it was you that the doctor admired, it was you that he spoke about at the beach, and his motive was perfectly honorable and creditable. I'm sure if I only knew it—all this trouble might have been saved. But it's recognized now by everybody. He openly acknowledged it the day that you fell ill, and I must say he's sired up to it ever since."

"Who are you talking to mamma?" said a voice at the door. "Is Betty come?"

And in ran my beautiful sister. She hated tears, but they fell from her magnificent eyes upon my smitten cheeks and wasted hands; they fell in torrents; and although she was always so careful of her clothes, she flung herself by the bedside, rumpling all the pretty braids of her marvelous spring outfit. She looked like a gem in porcelain. She was a hundred times more beautiful than ever. No wonder my mother was so astonished. It seemed a miracle that the doctor had not a motive about Blanche. And my beautiful sister also loved me in her own way. She had determined to save me from what she considered an immolation.

"You mustn't talk, Betty," she said, "and we mustn't talk to you any more than we can possibly help. You've been very ill, dear, and we've been wild about you. The doctor has gone about like a ghost, and we've followed him about like phantoms. I must say I think a great deal of the doctor; he's a very nice, splendid man in a great many ways. But you needn't marry him, Betty, when you get well unless you want to. I know how queer you are about these things—how you'd hate to marry him if you didn't just worship the ground he walked on; and yet you'd feel badly about the rest of us. And I want to tell you as quick as I can, before he comes in, that you needn't think of anybody but yourself any more. You've worn yourself out for us about long enough. I'm engaged to Fitz-Edward Smythe, and I'm waiting for you to get well to marry him."

"Oh, Blanche," I gasped; for the young man was little better than a puddle-dog.

"I'm fond of him, Betty; I am indeed!" she exclaimed; and she really looked as if she meant what she said. "I actually love him. He'll do anything in the world I tell him to do, and we shall have a most elegant time together, because his money is all his own, and I can help him to take care of it, and show him how to really enjoy it in a proper way. There will be money enough for us all. You and mamma and Fred are to live with me, and it's all arranged between Fitz-Edward and myself that my family is to be held in the greatest consideration. I've been buried alive with your doctor, and any one that marries him will be worse than a door mat."

For the doctor, goodness gracious me, with a big bunch of roses in his hand. Blanche slipped out of the door, my mother noiselessly followed her, and I was left alone with my benefactor.

The roses fell out of his hand. He scanned me at first with the eye of a physician. He felt my pulse, my forehead, my hands, my feet; he watched me for fully ten minutes, his face softening the while from the Eschulapian rigidity to an ineffable tenderness.

At last he took a long breath, and seating himself in my mother's chair he pushed back his hair from his forehead. I could see how gray it had grown. I could see the lines in his face. I held out both my hands to him.

"You would have been very sorry," I whispered, "if I had not come back to you?"

The strong hands trembled that closed about my own. He put his down upon the pillow beside me. "Betty," he said, "I think I should have gone and got some dynamite and blown the whole property and its owner into fragments."

His eyes still devoured my face. I sighed uneasily, and pulled the blue bow from my night robe and passed it back to him. "I wish I had never been the least bit in the world pretty," I said.

The doctor picked up one of the roses that lay scattered about the counterpane, and putting it upon my breast, he said in his old tender way.

"Go, lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time and me that now she knows, When I resemble her to thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be."

—Harper's Bazar.

Warm weather often causes extreme tired feeling and debility, and in the weakened condition of the system, diseases arising from impure blood are liable to appear. To gain strength, to overcome disease, and to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, take Hood's Serravallo's.

## The Honest Reporter.

At the recent annual dinner of the Pittsburgh Press Club George S. Welshons (St. George), one of the best known and wittiest newspaper men of the State, got off the following in response to the toast, "The Reporter."

"There are three grand divisions," Mr. Welshons said, "in newspaper work—journalists, reporters and editors. Speaking more accurately there are three stages of development. A journalist is a calf reporter. He is a reporter in the miniature tadpole stage, when his head is so big that it takes all the rest of his person to show it around. If he is lucky, by and by he becomes a reporter. After a reporter's legs wear out they make an editor of him. The final stage of a frog you know—the extra removal from the tadpole—the bull-frog, too stiff to jump, too old and tough to eat, who just sits on the bank and belows. That is an editor."

"In the old days the editor called a man a chicken thief, nowadays the reporter flirts the feathers in his back yard. The weapon of the old-time editor was the epithet; that of the modern reporter is the evidence. What the editor used to assert the reporter now proves."

"If the people who complain of what the reporter writes about them would only consider what he does not write about them they would shine him in the friendliest corner of their hearts. The waste-baskets in a daily newspaper office of any town do more to keep its citizens in good repute than any other agency excepting the fear of the law and the here's but. Not all that the reporter writes is truth. He is not infallible himself, and those who are the sources of his information are much less so. There are very many men who cannot tell a straight story. There are others who do not try to. The man who tells the story to a reporter is usually an interested party. He has a purpose to serve in metamorphosing this or suppressing that. The reporter has no desire except to get the truth accurately and completely, and to write it quickly and entertainingly."

"All men do not love the reporter, and I am glad of it. The fear and hatred of bad men is as a chapter above his brows. It is the assurance of his honesty to his badge of honor as a servant of truth. If a time ever comes when all men love the reporter it will be time to bury him. He will have forgotten his mission, betrayed his trust and shamed the noble fellowship of men who have made the white cross of the Pittsburgh reporter the decoration of a legion of honor."

## Why Sixty Seconds Make a Minute.

Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonian times existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonian divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still further currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and such, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us—Max Muller, in the Fortnightly Review.

## The Navajo Blanket.

The Navajo Indians are possessors of large flocks of finely bred sheep, the wool from them amounting to over a million pounds annually. A portion of the wool is sold to traders, but the larger part is used in the manufacture of blankets. After the whole is cleaned, carded and dyed, by a process known only to the Indians, and by them religiously guarded as a secret, it is ready for the loom, which is built by the squaws. The weavers are persons of such importance that they are not expected to perform any labor. The loom, which contains the loom, is made by driving into the ground, at regular intervals, six roughly hewn poles, from eight to ten feet long, forming a small square. Across the tops of these supports are laid green boughs, to shield the weaver from the hot sun. The centre poles from the sides of the loom, and about a foot from the top and bottom, are fastened cross poles through which holes are bored for the warp, which is composed of the fibres of the yucca tree. This warp is treated by a process that renders it almost indestructible, the secret of which is known only to the Navajo Indians, who refuse to divulge it. Consequently the work of their looms is not likely soon to become the rival of the more generally used "California blanket." Before they were subdued by the government the Navajo Indians made the blankets solely for the use of their own tribe; but since they have been thrown almost entirely upon their resources for a livelihood, the manufacture of the blanket has become their leading industry, and a source of large profit.

## THREE NOTED WIDOWS.

Fresh Gossip About Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Custer and Mrs. Grant.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has returned from Florida, and is seen on the streets occasionally, a little figure, slight, white-haired and folded in a black shawl. When I met her yesterday, says a New York correspondent to the Post Dispatch, there was the faintest touch of pink on her cheeks, giving her that delicate, shell-like beauty which sometimes goes with a soft white skin and white curls. She had a bunch of lilies of the valley pinned on her bosom. Within the block I passed another woman whose proximity made me look about startled. Had she recognized the daughter of Victoria Woodhull? I think not. Neither had the pretty Zulu maid recognized her. A new generation has grown up, and in my country there would not have been any thing dramatic about the encounter. Yet meeting the two brought back old memories. Mrs. Beecher's rooms are full of pictures of her husband—as the young lover, in the prime of life, as he was the year he died—and most of these pictures are so placed that the trail of a vine, the petals of a flower, caress them. Her interests in life are largely the things that have grown up, and in my country there would not have been any thing dramatic about the encounter. Yet meeting the two brought back old memories. Mrs. Beecher's rooms are full of pictures of her husband—as the young lover, in the prime of life, as he was the year he died—and most of these pictures are so placed that the trail of a vine, the petals of a flower, caress them. Her interests in life are largely the things that have grown up, and in my country there would not have been any thing dramatic about the encounter. Yet meeting the two brought back old memories. 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